

Names In the News

Most of the faculty and several students of Armstrong Junior College attended the lovely wedding ceremony held in Milledgeville during spring holidays at which Miss Frances Ennis became the bride of Frederick O. Couch. This quarter Mrs. Couch is back at the college, continuing to instruct her classes.

At the University of Georgia, Caroline Kaufmann, Armstrong '39, was elected vice president of the newly formed University Art League. A talented artist, Caroline is now pursuing an art course in Athens.

Betty McMillan and Margaret Boyd, freshmen at A. J. C., posed as models for photographic studies made by the Savannah Camera Club early in March.

Candidates for presidency of the senior class at Georgia State Women's College was Margaret Dutton, Armstrong '39.

The recognition which has come to Armstrong's President E. A. Lowe was discussed in a special article in a recent issue of the Georgia Alumni Record. Special note was made of his receipt of the Lucas Trophy and of his part in establishing the Playhouse as a "Language Laboratory".

Marie Powers, sophomore at the college, is cast in the role of Dolly in the musical "Rio Rita", which is being produced by the Catholic Young People's Association.

A welcome visitor at Armstrong at the beginning of this quarter was John W. McNeil, former instructor of finance and commerce at the college. With Mrs. studies at Ohio State University McNeil, who is equally popular with Armstrongites, Mr. Neil was visiting friends in the city between his studies at Ohio State University where he is working towards his Ph.D.

THE INKWELL

ARMSTRONG JUNIOR COLLEGE, SAVANNAH, GA., TUESDAY, APRIL 5, 1940

Volume 5, Number 6

DEAN'S LIST Winter Quarter, 1940

Advanced Students:

Robert Adams, Betty Bainbridge, Lee Bennett, Eleanor Boyd, Jane Byrd, Ruth Christiansen, Betty Crumbley, Arthur Davis, John Gardner, Eleanor Irby, Aaron Lang, Edwin Lennox, Evelyn Perfect, Caroline Rabb, Marion Rice, Frances Vannerson, Joseph Whittle, Sarah Wilkerson, and Elise Wertsman.

First Year Students:

Marvin Arkin, Kenneth Baker, David Barnett, Emil Blair, Vernon Bragg, Marjory Buntyn, Emma Clemens, Sam Dinerman, Miriam Elmore, Flora Eve, Gladys Feagin, Dorothy Finch, Herschel Futral, Sarah Griffin, Rose Ann Hamilton, Frank Hoffman, Julia Ann Marshall, David Middleton, Raymond Montsalvatge, Jeanne Patterson, Adaline Ralston, Vasco Rhoden, Miller Rodgers, Elsa Schweizer, Charles Simon, Jack Tyson, Irving Victor, and Ann Wilson.

Harriet Clark, Paper Festival Queen from Bryan County, is a former Armstrong student.

Taking part in a sunrise service held Easter morning was Marion Rice, an outstanding member of the sophomore class.

To represent the freshman class in the Student Senate, members of the class elected Raymond Montsalvatge and Irving Victor from a

(Continued on page four)

New Committee Plans Assemblies For Spring

Professor Robert Strahl has been appointed chairman of the Assembly Program Committee for the spring quarter. Meeting every Friday at two o'clock in President Lowe's office, the committee is to discuss the next week's program and plan for the others. Faculty members are Mr. Strahl, chairman, Charles Williams and Stacy Keach; student members are Edwin Lennox, Caroline Rabb, and Jack Williams. Mr. Lowe is an ex-officio member.

The partial schedule for the quarter is as follows: March 28, Glee Club under the direction of Mr. Strahl; April 4, program sponsored by the psychology class, under Dr. J. P. Dyer; April 11, program on Public Health, under the direction of Mr. R. B. Platt. A program on Political Science has been tentatively scheduled for April 18.

Lowe To Speak At Conference

Armstrong's President, E. A. Lowe, will present a paper on "College Survey Courses" at the tenth annual meeting of the Academic Deans' Conference, which is meeting at the Atlanta Biltmore on April 10.

The Deans Conference is being held in connection with the annual meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools in Atlanta, April 8-12.

Mr. Lowe will probably leave Monday and return either Thursday or Friday. Dean J. Thomas Askew also plans to attend some of the conferences, and while he is out of town his classes in political science will continue to meet.

Nine New Students Enter Spring Quarter

Nine new students entered Armstrong Junior College at the beginning of the spring quarter. The new freshmen include Julie Beckett, Linda Bryan, Joe Klingon, Alberta Howarth, Virginia Hollis, Henry Pike, Sam Sikes, Terrell Tuten, and Ruth Yarber. Alice Louise Hamlet and Dearing Nash, former students at the college, are back again this quarter.

At the close of the winter quarter, five girls completed their junior college course. These were Carolyn Ball, Estelle Rolison, Anita Fennell, Maudine Arneau, and Betty Myers. Misses Ball, Fennell, and Rolison have now entered their junior year at the University of Georgia.

This summer Miss Myers, who took a prominent part in Playhouse activities while at Armstrong, will attend the summer session of the Mowhawk Drama Festival's Institute of the Theatre at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. This is a professional theatre conducted by Charles Coburn.

Miss Arnau is now at G. S. C. W., in Milledgeville.

Flying Club Gets New Members, Club House, Plans Air Week

The Armstrong Flying Club, under the able leadership of Sig Robertson, who is president, has gotten under way with a bang.

In the past few weeks they have added new members to their roll, obtained a club-house, made plans for an air-week in Savannah and have appointed committees to take care of problems, both present and prospective.

At a meeting last Tuesday around twenty new members were admitted.

Julius Landsburg, ground school instructor for the local flying class, was the guest speaker. Mr. Landsburg said, "It's up to you boys to make the club. You will only get out of it what you put in it." At the close of the meeting the president appointed the following committees:

Entertainment committee: Frank McIntyre, chairman; Dick Young, James Bentley, Charles Williams, David Elmore and Dick Peyeler.

Furniture Committee, whose task it is to furnish the club-house, which is the old Administration Building of the Savannah Airport: Fred Reiser, chairman, Arthur Davis, Norman Barton, Joe Whittle, Joe Jenkins and Joe Livingston.

Aviation Week Committee, to look after preparations for the Air Week in Savannah: Sig Robertson and Frank Maner.

The purpose of the Flying Club is to stimulate interest in aviation.

The primary aim of the club is to be a social organization so as to hold the interest of non-flying members. Plans to hold a social function of some sort at least once a month are being made.

The organization is pushing plans for a National Air Week in Savannah. Mayor Gamble has already been contacted in this behalf and the results were most encouraging. He appointed committees among the following groups to handle the work: Chamber of Commerce, City Committee, County Committee, Savannah Aero Club, Eastern Air Lines, Armstrong Flying Club, Aero Dedicationists and Morning News-Evening Press.

The Air Week should come the first of May at which time several activities are to be participated in by visitors as well as local people. All in all, it promises to be a very



—Picture by Carl Robeson

This glamorous, platinumed creature is none other than Ruth Christiansen, Armstrong sophomore, as she will appear in "Personal Appearance" at the Playhouse, April 9-13, in the leading role of Carole Arden.

gala affair.

The complete list of officers for the A. J. C. Flying Club is: Sig Robertson, president; Frank Maner, vice-president; Howell Walker, secretary; and Dick Hart, treasurer.

Dues are two dollars annually. One dollar goes to the National Headquarters, upon receipt of which membership pins are sent. The other dollar goes to the local chapter.

The next meeting of the local club will be in about three weeks or right before the opening of the club-house.

The students of the flying class, who are charter members, have all soloed and three of them are in the last stages of the training.

Climaxing Comedy Presents Features

Reaching a climax of comedy in its last show of the season, Lawrence Riley's "Personal Appearance", the Savannah Playhouse will present two unique features to the audiences who witness the production in the college auditorium from April 9 through 13.

The play, packed with both subtle and obvious humor, opens with a few scenes from the latest movie made by the glamorous and temperamental Carole Arden, played by Ruth Christiansen. Joseph Perelstine took the movie shots for the Playhouse in the reception room of W. T. O. C., which represents a Fifth Avenue penthouse in the movie. The film has already been edited and will run for approximately five minutes, complete with sound.

Another feature of "Personal Appearance" is the platinum blonde hair of the movie actress, Carole Arden. It took over four hours to set stage actress Ruth Christiansen's hair for the movie takes, and to spray on zinc stearate and yellowing to give the platinum effect. Spraying will have to be done every night before the show.

In addition to Ruth Christiansen in the role of Carole, others cast in "Personal Appearance" by Director Stacy Keach include Mary Eyler as Mrs. Struthers; Carl Robeson, Bud Norton; Henry DuBois, Gene Tuttle; Dorine Glass, Joyce; Josephine Hirsch, Aunt Kate; Sarah Wilkerson, Gladys; Billy Reagan, Clyde; Wray Potter, Jessie; John MacCauley, Johnson; and Hugh Taylor, Franklin Crawford.

The set for the forthcoming production is another designed by Ernestine Cole. Work on it is approaching completion under Technician Reid Chastain and Co-Technician Scott Graves and the paint

(Continued on page three)

Joe Livingston Surveys

Do Gentlemen Still Prefer Blondes

In this modern ever-changing world where it seems that the Doves of Peace have fled after making a futile attempt to land on the turbulent waves of strife, let us deal with a subject as important to a Southern gentleman as any international situation—yet far less nerve-wracking.

That issue is: Do gentlemen still prefer blondes?

First of all, where else if not at Armstrong would we find true gentlemen who understand the above situation down to the very finest point?

In a survey taken at school last week among A. J. C.'s gentlemen, there were varied opinions. A large number wouldn't venture to answer the question. However, in the end, after the chips were down the answer was: (Hold your hats) NO, Gentlemen do NOT still prefer blondes!

The count was very close (honest, Blondie). One consolation to the fair-haired ladies is that maybe the men who voted were not gentlemen, thus nullifying the results.

Following are a few of the comments obtained from various participants in the polling:

WALTER LOWE: "Brunettes are more favorable now. Take Joan Bennett for example. Wow!"

MILLER RODGERS: "Well, after all you can't tell one day whether she's going to be blonde or brunette the next. That fits in with what Mr. Lowe said."

NAT ROANE: "It doesn't make any difference to me."

"LEFTY" BYRNES: "I can't afford to be particular."

DAVID ELMORE: "My best girl is a blonde so—I'll say brunette." (What the—?)

The writer of this "gallant attempt" wishes to quote himself as saying, "Gentlemen do prefer blondes"—but no one ever accused him of being a gentleman.

ELLA NUGENT (her vote didn't count) said that gentlemen did prefer blondes but that they didn't marry them. (Why?)

DOT FINCH said that she was a blonde after she washed her hair and a brunette when it hadn't been washed for several days. After learning the results of this tabulation she has decided that too much water isn't so good for her wavy locks.

SARA OWENS was plenty burned up and wondered if the results would have been the same at B. C. (Cheer up, dearie, you can use the Finch system).

In a future issue the girls may be given a chance to do a little voting themselves. Then we will see how the shoe fits the other foot.

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We Are Crushed

So pleased with the assembly program on March 28 were Armstrong students that those who had planned to march out in a regimented position completely forgot their scheme.

This speaks well for the program, and should this interest continue, no one should mind attending assembly. Perhaps, in time, the "concentration camp" feeling will even wear off—but never that first crush which the new seating plan brought to independent Armstrong souls.

We are optimistic about the loss of honor points: we doubt if there will be any loss. But we sincerely hope the administration will soon feel that it can repeal this ruling, for it certainly is a drastic step to take.

Here Lies A Crime

Here lies a crime with the telling blood on the hands of our forefathers, fathers, and ourselves.

Emigration has drained away 3,500,000 human lives from the Southeast. These people sought opportunity—and evidently found it, since they have stayed away—by leaving the region of the country richest in natural wealth and going into poorer regions. Why? Definitely there must be something radically wrong with the economic organization of our fair Southland when it limits the opportunities for people of ordinary capacity and forces them to leave their homes and birthplaces.

It is time for the mint-juleping Southern gentleman to rouse himself from his traditional porch seat and begin to use his mentality.

What are the things that lie between the region and the attainment of a tremendously high level of opportunity and civilization? It can't be lack of sunshine, rainfall, or fertility. We are blessed with these things. It can't be lack of stone, timber, coal, oil, or metals. We have them all in abundance. The South lacks skill—technical skill. It has been "spendthrift of the minds of its sons as it has of its material wealth. It has permitted the mental horizons of its children to be circumscribed within narrow limits. Content with its own ways, it has never applauded and encouraged the intellectual curiosity that stimulates the young to look out into the great world, observe the manners and customs of other men, and enrich their own culture by the injection of alien ideals.

"It lacks leaders and why? Because it has always adored the man of action and neglected, if not despised, the scholar." 1

1. Johnson, "The Wasted Land"

Just Stuff —by David Barnett

(Without malice or forethought)
Over land and sea, by faculty decree, 'tis spring.

Most of the students of Armstrong will agree that an afternoon in the Telfair Academy would be a creditable and cultural experience but that, God be willing, he or she will spend the afternoon sipping sodas through a straw at Paul's.

When, however, it is necessary to testify to one's cultural nature, and a visit to the establishment cannot be avoided, the student takes a nice short look at the painting, walks three paces backwards, squints respectfully, and concentrates on a remark which will sound adequate, without committing him or her to either approval or dislike:

Why foster such an attitude?

I'm sorry, Mr. C. W.—you're cute and all that—but when you gave me that F, something within me died.

(Signed) The co-ed who sent the candy.

This is a mad world, my fool.

It seems that now at assemblies, you gotta sit where you gotta seat . . .

Emerson once wrote that an author was considered original in proportion to the amount he stole from Plato.

College students say it much more simply: An author (or columnist) is original in proportion to how lousy the stuff he writes is.

. . . which all leads me to believe that a plagiarist is any successful author.

Unearthed in Exchanges

Doggerel:

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and no wonder.
All the rest have peanut butter,
Except Pasadena, which alone
has the Rose Bowl.

—Mercer Cluster

Shoes made out of frog skin have appeared in Louisiana. When they're new, instead of squeaking they croak.

—Pearsons Weekly

Poem

High chair
High school
High life
High powered car
Highball
High speed
Hi, St. Pete!

—Sweet Briar News

They call her "Mussy Lena" because she's the fascist girl in town.

—Parlez-Voo

Then there's the cat that ate limburger cheese and breathed down the rat hole with baited breath.

—Palmetto and Pine

He Brought It On Himself
"I guess I've lost another pupil," said the professor, as his glass eye rolled down the sink.

—Ward-Belmont Hyplen

THE COMING OF PEACE

on a small span of land
nowhere
out from space
afar from time
elsewhere from being

a neutral phantom figure
alone
undiscerned
a specter of dust
a ghost of olive branch

it peered into the true
midgard
found it void
and devoid still
of light and of right

then it slowly turned
dissolved
disappeared
down into darkness
whence it had never come

New that they've really started fighting over there, what are you going to join, the army or the navy? . . . and my grave will be right next to yours.

Notes from Dr. Dyer's class:

Just before we went into the first World War, most of our trinkets were made in Germany and consequently had "Made in Germany" stamped on the bottom. When America went "over there" to "make the world safe for dictatorships," all persons in a position to do so began bombarding the public ears with sermons concerning the diabolical Boche. A yarn of a certain Mr. Sunday was the epitome of that sort of thing. It reached its climax with the phrase, ". . . and if you turned hell over, you'd find 'Made in Germany' printed on the bottom."

Quoting Utah State News:

Any man: "I've got a friend I want you to meet."

Business Woman: "What can he do?"

Gold-digger: "How much has he got?"

Homey type: "What church does he go to?"

College girl: "Where is he?"

A terrible thing

Has come to pass

I woke up twice

In history class.

Flunk now—avoid the rush.

—West Wind

"Com-pan-ee, atten-shunn," bawled the drill sergeant to the rookie squad. "Com-pan-ee lift up your left leg and hold it straight out in front of you."

By mistake one soldier held up his right leg which brought it side by side with the left leg of his neighbor.

"Aw right," shouted the sergeant, as he noticed this. "Who's that wise guy over there holding up both legs?"

—Ward-Belmont Hyphen

With Apologies to the Tempo—

This business of thinking up jokes Gets one a little bit daunted;

The ones you want we can't print, And the ones we print aren't wanted.

—Parlez-Voo



New Students

We want to welcome all the new students to Armstrong. Let's all make them feel at home. You girls have probably already spotted two very eligible newcomers, Joe Klingon and Sammy Sikes. Aren't they nice-looking? . . . Billy Glass and Hasseltine Davis are still going strong and do they look happy while dancing with each other . . . We think the recent spring holidays caused Sam Gardner to have complications . . . Guess who Betty McMillan is in love with? Nobody. But that doesn't mean she's not looking for a steady . . . Frances Gnan seems to be having fun. Old flame Jack Mathers is getting around with her quite a lot, with present big moment Claude Wilson is doing his share of the dating.

Doctors

If any Armstrong student has any ailment, he should see one of the "four doctors". By name they are the Doctors Hanson, Shepherd, Gardner, and Robinson . . . At a recent dance quite a few of the Citadel cadets took strongly to the Savannah girls. We still maintain that the Geechee gals have got them all beat a mile . . . Barbara Stultz has been given quite a rush by a tall handsome red-head who goes to Tech . . . Elizabeth Hoynes got quite a thrill out of an Easter bunny given her by one "Peanut" Powers.

Action

Boy, oh boy, things sure do happen fast around here. Things change so rapidly that we can't keep up with them, so don't blame us if some of the things in this column are not quite up to the minute . . . We hear rumors to the effect that Mr. Williams is replacing Mr. Platt as the heart-throb of the co-eds. By the way, girls, both of these profs play golf, so why don't you all take it up? Maybe you'll meet them on the golf course one of these days.

Sounds

Heard on the campus: In the spring a young man's fancy turns plenty fancy . . . We have been told that some of the A. J. C. girls were quite thrilled recently when the Yale Glee Club boys were across the street from school . . . Miriam Bidez seems to be partial to a young man by name of McAfee . . . We like the way he meets her at school so often . . . Some of the girls around here think Frank McIntyre is cute. Tough luck, girls, because he just doesn't seem to be interested in the fairer sex . . . We heard somebody say that Jayne Crosby was robbing the cradle. That's all right, Jayne, those high school boys are good dancers.

Diamonds

If you don't think May Howard's diamond is beautiful, just look on her left hand. She wears it all the time, too . . . Sam Bailey and Elizabeth McCreery are seen together constantly around school. Is there anything to this? . . . Bernard Addy has a crush on a high school girl but he says she makes him feel inferior. Ask any boy about it, Addy, and he will tell you that no woman is that good . . .

Confessions

Notes from biographical sketches in public speaking class:

Hash Davis' 5 older sisters cried when she, the 6th girl, was born . . . Augustus Riedel "goo-gooed" his way thru kindergarten . . . Ruth Christiansen dated a Texas Ranger and met a Mexican general who was a "great polo pony." . . . Elise Wertsman has lost her faith in fortune tellers . . . Claude Wilson's name is Claude Wilson . . . Marta Perdomo went to a school where the greatest excitement was sleeping until 8 on Sunday mornings . . . Jerry Tilson was fat when little . . . Miss Magone told Billy Reagan not to forget his umbrella in case of another war . . . Vera Rogers likes to pick bananas . . . Frank Maner thinks flying is wonderful . . . Frog Ihley began his football career on the "Baby Blue" jackets . . . Mae Driggers' life has been a peaceful one . . . Ruth Klingon was disappointed to find there is no Santa Claus . . . Pauline Gooch doesn't "like conceited people; do you diary?" . . . Wright Lee's life is characterized by such things as seeing a monkey and baboon fighting and by being at odds with his teachers . . . Sam Bailey once walked down a railroad track, fresh from the bath . . . It was in grammar school that Helen Freeman first "fell."

Keach Directs Coronation

Stacy Keach, Savannah Playhouse director and English professor at Armstrong, was appointed director of the coronation ceremonies for the king and queen of the Paper Festival. The coronation took place on Tuesday, April 2, at the municipal auditorium.

The script for the ceremony was written by Mr. Keach, and the set, a very elaborate one, was designed by Constanca Smith, an Armstrong student.

Assisting with make-up for the Mummies' Parade was a committee of Armstrong students, headed by Jerry Tilson and including Marta Perdomo, Pauline Gooch, Sarah Wilkerson, and others.

Memories

By Elise Wortsman

Do you remember the first date we had together, darling? I was twelve and you were every bit a year older, irresistible thirteen! You called me early one Friday afternoon and asked me, in a stumbling, hesitant way, if I would like to go to a movie with you that night. I had to ask Mother's permission, and then through teeth that were chattering with excitement, I accepted.

When you called for me, remember your amazement as I sheepishly entered the room in my first pair of silk stockings? And the grand manner in which we swept out of the house? This, of course, you don't remember (but how well I do), after we left the house and were walking toward the theatre I felt something odd around my knees and remembered with a panic that in my pleasure at the hose I had forgotten garters! It wasn't until we were seated that I could yank the stockings up—but luckily they hadn't fallen very far.

And oh! darling, do you remember the movie—that lovely mushy movie? All the sweet words, the embraces, the flowers, the swanky clothes, the handsome leading man? And the beautiful star who piped in her honey-sweet voice that gentlemen should wait until at least on second date to ask for even a good-night kiss?

Do you remember going to the drug-store for a soda afterwards, and feeling horribly self-conscious? Or was it just me who felt that way? And how we twisted our straws, you saying, She loves me, She loves me not, and my doing the same with the masculine pronoun. You told me, She loves me, and I confided, Mine came out right too.

Then, do you remember how we walked home down the shadowy street, and you shyly held my hand? The moon was shining brilliantly and looked exactly like a slice of orange.

And when we got to my front door and I found that by some marvelous power I had remembered my key, remember how you grew bold and asked for a good-night kiss? And how I replied sweetly that I thought gentlemen should wait until at least on second date to ask for even a good-night kiss?

But you were no gentleman. Remember?

I Can Paint No Word Picture

By Marion Rice

I can write no word picture, but I have tried, and tried, and tried! I feel angry at my impotence, but I remain helpless in the grasp of reality—it is useless. I can paint no word picture.

I live in two worlds—the world of reality and the world of make-believe. Here I sit and endeavor to write. In my white tile-lined office—desk, typewriter, file cabinet, book shelves, telephone—I feel a prisoner, chained to the mean routine of a small college community. Eat, classes, eat, work, eat, study, sleep day in and day out. Is this life? Is this vain seeking after knowledge what God would have me do? No, no, no! my heart responds; but, here I am still, and the same stereotyped days stretch endlessly on, on into the future—even to the very end of time. I would fain sunder these invisible bonds, mount my gallant charger, and hie away into the realms of phantasy!

Oh, what delights await him who can take his other self and revel in a land of make-believe! Phlegmatic creature, you miss the rapture of such illusions, and lacking them you must plod and hoe your own narrow row, for such is the limitation of reality. But I can live in the worlds of yesterday, not a casual visitor, but a true citizen who can enjoy the pleasures and weep at the tragedies of that yesterday life. For I am one of them—I laugh with them, love with them, hate with them, suffer with them, die with them.

Demented? Well, perhaps I am. I am no competent judge of my own weaknesses, but even though my actions place me in such category, I shall never give them up. Staid being, I am different from you. I am like you in flesh and bone, but my spirit soars in realms which you dare not follow, for you lack both in perception and imagination.

Romanticist? Yes, I may be, but I will never trade my multiple self for your analytical character. You live in the realms of fact and data, but I live in a world of my own making—the pageant of yesterday and of tomorrow.

Now I am a noble patrician or a bent and plodding serf; a sturdy yeoman of the kings' guard or a proud Spanish grandee; a zealot follower of the cross or a fanatical disciple of the Crescent; an Elizabethan courtier or a bloody Mor-

gan. I can be all of these with equal satisfaction. I can be poor or rich, happy or melancholy, strong or fickle, foolish or wise.

Can I ever bridge the gulf between my realms of reality and phantasy? No, I think not, for I die when I essay to transfer my phantasies into mundane reality. Pen and ink belong to the world of reality, and the chasm between the point of my pen and my writing pad is so deep, so broad.

Typewriter, do you mock me? Stencil, must you laugh too? I am confronted by a world of efficiency—speed, precision, exactness. Would that I could destroy you, even for a day!

I can write no word picture, but I have tried, and tried, and tried. I feel angry at my impotence, but I remain helpless in the grasp of reality—it is useless. I can paint no word picture.

Stag Line

By Sarah Wilkerson

The penetrating strains of music from the auditorium had begun to invade the hallowed premises of the library. Its almost recognizable beat blared and then became soft. The last-day crammer's ears were tickled by the sound. Next day's test suddenly seemed very far away and unimportant. For a moment she forced her mind to grip the pages, but the tantalizing lilt of the music from the tea dance kept sifting in. Her brain no longer pursued one train of thought. One unfinished thought broke into another.

Robert Burns was born in . . . The Singing Hills la da da da da . . . oh dear . . . seventeen-fifty-nine . . . might be important . . . humble cottage near Ayr . . . never know what he might ask you . . . In The Mood . . . He might be there. The crammer slammed shut her book and piled it upon the others on the table, displacing a number of papers as she did so. Grabbing her jacket she dashed for the door, catching her sleeve on the knob as she went out.

On the right side of the square waxed floor were planted the feet of many determined girls. Some were animatedly unconscious and some were consciously animated. Some stared solemnly as at a ritual and others moved their eyes searchingly around the rapidly filling room biting their fingernails. The music was mellow . . . one two three four . . . one two three four . . .

The sweet young thing was installed in the center of a noisy group remarking upon a becoming dress when she saw her current problem glide by with the intellectual. Oh, so there he is . . . got his

DAFFY-NITIONS

violate—purple flower
poke—meat from a pig
lint—season of the year before Easter
embargoes—they play "the sweetest music this side of heaven"
monetary—to stop, like "he hesitated monetarily"
mandate—college girl's meal-ticket
bond—organization that German-Americans belong to
loon—when you get money from a bank
mix—nickname for Irishmen

hair combed beautifully . . . for once . . . umm . . . hands look fairly clean . . . last time there was a definite smudge . . . oh, well, I can have it cleaned . . . here goes nothing.

A tall girl disengaged herself from the pack and started boldly across the floor toward an ever-changing objective. With stunning force an exuberant pair leaping to the rhythm of The Little Red Fox struck her squarely, carrying her off her course. She leapt directly into the path of an even more exuberant couple. She didn't know whether to be exasperated, gallant, or helplessly sweet. Oh, this is so silly . . . can't see a thing. In the midst of a mad stampede a football player trod violently upon her toe. Ouch! . . . why you big . . . oh, it's you . . . wellllll. In despair she found herself on the edge of the dancers and sadly joined the ranks of the unattached.

The timid little girl stood uncertainly in the door for a few moments before entering. Then seeing a fellow female she went over and said hello. He was there. She saw him cautiously guiding the sweet young thing away from the grasp of an oncoming pursuer. As they swept by she caught the words, "Do you always wear green ties?" She sat gently on a chair. He looks awfully happy . . . I couldn't break now . . . gosh, he doesn't know I'm alive . . . think I can dance with him . . . if he wouldn't turn around so much . . . slow pieces are nicer if you like somebody . . . if I stare at him so much somebody'll find out . . . they look wonderful together . . . I guess . . . she's talking . . . couldn't think of anything to say . . . I could ask him what he made on psychology . . . maybe he'll do all the talking . . . but boys never do . . . guess I'd better not ask him what he made on psychology . . . I might have made better than he did . . . in a minute they'll be right in front of me . . . I guess I . . . will! The timid little girl broke on the handsome sophomore. He said hello, but she said not a word.

The conscientious person arrived in the middle of the last record. She paused to look over the situation she stepped forward and touched the sleeve of a pink sweater the music ended in a crescendo. Everyone stopped for a moment to gaze pleadingly toward the nickel-odeon and then filed reluctantly toward the exit.

Saddle Shoes Announce Spring

This is the season when all Armstrong either blossoms out in glaring new saddle shoes or stirs itself to clean comfortable old ones. This is the season when boys go coatless and girls wear flowers in their hair. This is spring.

Inextricable

According to our custom, we made a cursory survey of Harper's Bazaar, Vogue, and the New York Times. From Harper's we got our first live tip for spring: In spring, especially, perfume is an inextricable part of fashion. This year violent perfumes are out; scents tender and nostalgic are in the air.

Banned and Blotted Out. These words, this spring, apply to eccentricity, exaggeration, military touches, and strapless décolletages. In other words, the keynote of the season, is simplified, toned-down, your very own look.

Hair-do's

Vogue advises the rediscovery of the flattery of deep shadowy waves. You should either let your hair get really long in back or chop it really short. Brush up and back from ears. And, unless you are faultlessly featured, wear soft bangs or a light pompadour over your brow with turbans.

Skull caps are being revived, either matching your costume or not. Khaki is news—with black, in bags, belts, coats. Helena Rubenstein has a "Life Red" lipstick, named after the color of the cover of the magazine. Taffeta and moire dresses and suits are being shown—solid, plaid, striped, or dotted. Schiaparelli is showing "shocking blue", sister to her "shocking pink". Skirts are shorter and dresses straighter. The waistline is natural, but extended both up and down. The current silhouette is like a mermaid's.

Three Finds

Three interesting oddities struck our eyes, the first being a very radical new shoe. Called a "sled sandal", this shoe has no instep at all, merely a heel and toe connected by a wafer sole.

Our next find was a very smart pocketbook. A modern version of Dick Whittington's celebrated stick: a great gray antelope pouch swung from a walking stick which is tightly covered in gray flannel.

The third find was a very practical one. A New York department store offers "Polishields" for sale, these being little caps to slip over wet finger nails for protection. According to the ad, one could even study without fear of smearing a newly polished digit!

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CLIMAXING COMEDY

crew headed by Miss Cole. The remainder of the technical staff is composed of Carolyn Oliver, lights; Wray Potter, costumes; Emily Clarke, props; Frances Vannerson, assistant director; Jeanne Patterson, house manager; Betty Michels, program; and Claude Wilson, publicity.

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TRIPLE XXX THIRST STATION

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Faculty Quoted By Emil Blair

Beginning with our instructress in Home Economics, Miss Ennis—Oh! pardon me, I mean, Mrs. Couch (Doggone! It's hard to get used to that name). Anyway, besides showing the gals how to get the hubby to buy them a fur coat, she delights her classes with her cute jokes, and more so with her pet expression like "berttuh".

Mr. F. M. Hawes, who has been here for four years, states that as a whole he finds the students at Armstrong an excellent group and very pleasant to work with. Mr. Hawes surely can enjoy a joke, and don't be surprised if you see him carrying a "Naval Stores Review" around in his pocket.

Verbal Warfare

Continuing with the scientific end of our faculty, we find Mr. Platt, eminent biology instructor, and Mr. Williams, mathematical instructor, engaging in, as one stated, "a gentle verbal warfare" with Florence Rubin refereeing at one time.

Mr. Platt was puffin' at a cigarette, and his favorite ole pipe (the conservative one) was lying peacefully amidst a bed of ashes. Mr. Platt says that he finds Armstrong a very pleasant place in which to pursue his art and that the students have a very co-operative spirit. He likes the social activities, especially the tea dances.

Now to Twinkletoes

For some reason or another he did not seem to wish to speak freely, although he answered all questions readily. When asked if he was going to do anything novel in his classes, he answered, "Yes, I'm going to teach calculus."

Do you like the school? He nodded, smiling.

Do you find the students a pleasant, co-operative group to work with? Nod.

Do you like the tea dances (which he does not attend)? Nod.

What type of dance music do you like? Military band.

Mr. Williams now and then plays golf or tennis with some of the students. He seems to like all sports, except dances—Tea Dances. Could it be because he is a preacher's son? Or is it because . . . ?

Girl Sports Look For Shadows

After a nearly dormant winter, girls' sports are beginning to come out and look for their shadows.

Coach A. J. Cohen sees a rather nice shadow of a fencing team for "his" girls have been practicing on the roof for the last two quarters and are anxious for some matches to be arranged so they can show off their newly acquired skill. Doing their daily dozen with the foil have been Constancia Smith, Peggy Haile, Nancy Cole, Elise Wortsman, Ruth Christiansen, Catherine Ranitz, Ann Clinton, and Marie Powers.

The tennis team's shadow is not as large as in past years, as there is only one man out from last year's team, Ruth Christiansen. However, May Howard, former S. H. S. net man, is up and Coach Horace Oplinger promises to have some good players before long.

Bowling and swimming are prime favorites with the girls, especially since there is always a crowd at the Past Times, and swimming means new suits.

Honor Society Recognition To Come At Commencement

Recognition will be given at Commencement Exercises this June to those students now at Armstrong Junior College who have fulfilled the requirements of the Honor Society. Any student achieving a total of twenty honor points, comprising at least one major and at least two minor honors, and distributed in at least three different fields, automatically becomes a member.

To facilitate formation of the Honor Society, all students at the college who have engaged in any extra-curricular activity corresponding to the following requirements are asked to check their honor points with Mr. Hawes' office at once.

| ACTIVITIES | |
|--|--|
| Major | Minor |
| SCHOLARSHIP | |
| Points— | 3 "A" average, one quarter (not included in major honor) |
| 10 "A" average, 3 quarters | 2 Dean's List average, one quarter (not included in major honor) |
| 8 Permanent Dean's List | 3 Winner of competitive scholarship |
| 7 Dean's List, any 3 consecutive quarters | |
| ATHLETICS | |
| 10 Two major letters (Men: football, basketball. Women: basketball, tennis) | 5 Two minor letters (Men: rifle, tennis, fencing; Women: rifle, swimming) or attainment of standards set up by Coach Shiver |
| 8 Two letters (including one major and one minor or recognized membership on team where no minor letter is given, or attainment of standards set up by Coach Shiver) | 4 One major letter |
| 8 Captain major sport (including letter in this sport) | 4 Manager major sport (including letter if given) |
| | 3 Captain minor sport (including letter) |
| | 2 Minor letter or membership on team without letter |
| | 2 Cheer leader |
| | 2 Manager minor sport (including letter) |
| GENERAL LEADERSHIP | |
| 10 President of sophomore class | 5 Senate membership, if elected |
| 7 President of freshman class | 4 Other class officers (freshman and sophomore and third-year class) |
| 10 President Theater Board | 4 President recognized club (fraternities and sororities not included) |
| 7 President third-year class | |
| PUBLICATIONS | |
| 10 Editor of Inkwell or Geechee | 6 Associate or Managing Editors (limited to five for each publication, to be chosen by editors), or Associate Business Manager |
| 8 Business Manager of Inkwell or Geechee | 4 Sports Editors (limited to two, to be picked by editors) |
| | 3 Reporters, solicitors, and other staff members |
| MISCELLANEOUS | |
| 6 Senior Member Theater Board | 3 Junior member Theater Board |
| | 2 Crew work on one play (if not on junior or senior board or in production class) |
| | 2 Acting in one play |
| | 2 Membership in recognized club (fraternities and sororities not included) |
| | 3 Chairman Home-coming Committee |
| | 2 Member Home-coming Committee |
| | 3 Chairman Citizenship Committee |
| | 2 Member Citizenship Committee |

NAMES IN THE NEWS

group of eight nominated by the class.

On the committee for arranging the sports program for the Paper Festival was I. M. Shiver, athletic coach at Armstrong.

Alpha Gamma Delta sorority at the University of Georgia elected Alene Fountain, Armstrong graduate, to the office of guard. Another Armstrong graduate at the University, George Stanley, is attending the annual six-weeks camp for seniors in the forestry school.

Among the enumerators assisting with census-taking in Savannah are several former Armstrong students, among them Rhoda Cohen, Bannon Bailey, Gertrude Barbee, Jean Gregory, Nathan Karnibad, and Mildred Mallory.

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Social Activities Planned for Spring

Social activities for the spring quarter have been planned by the Monogram Club, Delta Chi, and Alpha Tau Beta.

The Monogram Club will have a house party at Tybee sometime during the spring. The Shipwreck Ball, previously scheduled by the organization, has been called off on account of unforeseen activities.

Delta Chi sorority will entertain with a banquet and dance, the date of which has not yet been set.

Very extensive plans were made at a recent meeting of Alpha Tau Beta. A house party has been planned for the week-end of April 12. Members of the sorority will drive to Tybee Friday afternoon and stay through Sunday at the house of Alice Louise Hamlet. Mrs. Fred Couch and Miss Lulie Henderson will chaperone.

The sorority will hold its annual banquet and dance on May 3. The banquet will take place in the Gold Room of the Hotel DeSoto, followed by a dance in the Armstrong auditorium with music by Claude Wilson's orchestra. Invitations will be issued to friends of the sorority.

FOLTZ

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